The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XV. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886. NUMBER 50.

THE VANQUISHED CAT.

Out of the window a man
Leaned with a look of despair,
Listening with haggard face to a cat
Whose melody rent the air.

He threw down an old bootjack,
But the cat never heard its fall;
He sat on the fence and reared his back,
And continued his dismal waul.

He reached for his gun and fired,
He shouted and hallooed "scat!"
But it was no use, the same old song
Came forth from the same old cat.

But at last a ray of hope
Lighted the man's despair,
Out of the window he leaned once more
Into the damp night air;

And a smile of infinite peace
Over his features fell,
The song of the cat died out in the night
As he rang his chestnut bell.

—*Tom Masson, in N. Y. Sun.*

COLORED STARS.

Supposed to Be Suns in Different Life-Stages.

It is a strangely impressive thought, when we look at the star-strewn sky, that each one of the seeming points of light we see is a sun akin to our own, a mighty orb governing a family of dependent orbs, pouring light upon them, nourishing them with its heat, in fine, the great central engine of a vast mechanism, whose throbs are as the life-pulsations of a system of worlds.

But while we are thus impressed by the consideration that each star is a sun, such as our own, we are scarcely less struck by the thought that each one of these suns has its own special character and qualities. Not only does one star differ from another in glory, which might well be, even if they were all really alike—for difference of distance would make some seem brighter and others fainter—but in size, in might, in structure, in the very quality of the light which they emit, those myriads of suns differ from each other, and from that particular sun about which we know most, because it is the nearest—our own.

To ordinary observation, there is but one quality in which the stars differ from each other, namely, in color. It is this difference of which I am now about to write. To an eye which is keen to recognize differences of color, the stars shine with obviously different tints. Every one can recognize the marked ruddiness of Aldebaran, the bright star in the Bull's Eye, and of Antares, the star which marks the heart of the Scorpion. Arcturus is rather orange-tinted than red, and, to my eye, so also is Betelgeuse, the bright star which marks the right shoulder of the Giant Orion, but some consider this star red. Again, the Pole star has a decidedly yellow tint, which you recognize also in Capella, the beautiful star which forms the chief glory of the Charioteer, Auriga. Procyon, the chief star in the Lesser Dog, is also yellowish.

Sirius, the finest star in the heavens, is beautifully white. The ancients spoke of it as red, and some have imagined that this splendid star must have changed in color; but I fancy they only referred to the brilliant red tint shown in sparklings by Sirius, when near the horizon. Homer speaks of Sirius as shining most beautifully "when laved of Ocean's wave;" that is, when very low down; and our English poet Tennyson speaks of Sirius as "flickering into red and emerald" when so situate. The red tint is the most conspicuous, and doubtless led to the star being called red Sirius in ancient times. But it has probably been as white as it is now not only during the few thousands of years over which history extends its survey, but for thousands of centuries.

Pollux, one of the two equal stars which adorn the constellation called the Twins, is yellow, but Castor, the other, is slightly greenish. The brilliant stars Vega (chief glory of the Lyre) and Altair, the brightest star of the Eagle, show a somewhat bluish tinge. But none of the stars we see are really green or blue. And it is worth noticing that when we use a telescope, and survey the depth of star-strewn space which lie beyond the range of the unaided eye, we find scarcely any single stars which can properly be called green, or blue, or violet, or indigo. But among these telescopic stars we find hundreds of colors belonging to the other end of the rainbow-tinted streak called the solar spectrum. There are bright red stars, orange stars, golden-yellow stars, and others even more fully colored, as, for example, garnet stars, blood-red stars, and so forth.

So far as these seperate colored suns are concerned, we may believe that they are simply suns in different stages of their enormously long life. There are good reasons for thinking that the brilliant white, steel white, bluish-white and greenish-white stars are all in a very early stage of stellar life. In the yellowish stars a certain cooling of the outer vapors has given them, it would seem, a greater power of absorbing the light which comes from the glowing central mass, and so a yellowish tinge is cast over the light. In the orange, and still more in the ruddy and deeply red stars, the process of cooling has gone still further, and the tinge cast over the light has become more marked. Of course it will be understood that when I speak of cooling I do not mean what we should consider coolness—the very vapors which, being cooler than the central mass, absorb part of its light, must yet be far hotter than white-hot iron.

My friend Dr. William Higgins, speaking of this process of cooling which suns must undergo, this aging with vast though the periods of their existences), they must experience, said that the time may come when our own sun will have reached the stage through which the red suns are passing, and that when that time comes, the lecturer who tells of the long-past time when our sun was in its yellow stage may have to be clothed in the skins of Polar bears to keep life in him, and to address an audience similarly clothed. But, for my own part, I fancy the Polar bears will be extinct long before that time comes.

Yet one word before we leave the separate, or single, suns. Our own sun is in the same stage as Capella, Procyon, and other yellow suns, and, in a sense, we may speak of his light as yellowish, though as it is the light of our day, it is for us truly white, only yellowish by comparison with such light as we get at night and in small quantities from Sirius, Vega, and Altair, and their fellows. But the light actually emitted by the glowing mass of our sun is not only not yellowish, it is violet. It has been shown by Prof. Langley that if the atmosphere of the sun could be stripped off, he would shine as a violet sun,—though of course in a very few minutes our eyes would become accustomed to the change, and he would appear white as before. Then if his atmosphere came back suddenly, he would appear for a few minutes brilliantly red, because our eyes would have become accustomed to regard the violet light as white, but after that we should see him as we see him now.

It is when with telescopic eye we turn from the single suns to those which travel in pairs, or in sets of three, four, or more, that we find the strongest and most beautiful colors, the greatest variety of tint, and also combinations of colors charmingly contrasted. We find, perhaps, a splendid white star with a small companion of a deep red color, or purple, or vermillion, or dark blue. A large yellow star may have a small companion colored purple, or blue, or ruby red. A brilliant orange star will be seen with a small violet or blue or emerald-green companion; a red star may have beside it a green or blue companion.

Yet it must not be supposed that all double stars show contrasts of this kind. Among them we find pairs of the same color, or of colors not differing more than as white differs from pale yellow, or red from ruddy orange, or golden yellow from orange yellow. Moreover, in many cases both stars of a pair are of the same or very nearly the same brightness, as well as of the same or very nearly the same color. With a telescope of fair strength the colored pairs numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 may be easily seen. The two numbered 3 and 4 require a better telescope and more practice in looking at these objects than the first two. A better telescope still is required to see the pair numbered 5; and to see 6 (which is the same as 2) as a triple star—that is, to see the small green star with a fairly good telescope, divided into two very small stars, one yellow, the other blue—requires a very good telescope indeed.

There are few pleasanter ways of using a telescope, especially one of fairly good power than in turning it on double stars. Lists of the most interesting of these objects are given in works on astronomy, and a very little practice will enable the young observer to recognize these stars in their several constellations, and turning the telescope on them, to note their distance apart, their colors, and their appearance generally. It has been found that the colors of the double stars are due to the vaporous atmospheres which surround these orbs. In other words, their colors may be compared to those seen in railway signaling, where the light itself is white, but appears colored because of the action of colored glasses; only in the case of the double stars there are not red, green or blue glasses, but colored vapors.

But how can we pass from the consideration of these beautiful colored suns without allowing our minds a little play of fancy? It is reasonable to believe that other suns than ours have, like ours, their attendant worlds, that every one, I think, must consider there are worlds traveling around the beautiful orange sun Albireo, and others traveling around its blue companion sun. To both sets of worlds, Albireo and its companion must alike be suns. According to the position of one of these worlds at any time, the orange or the blue sun may be the chief light-bringer—or in some cases both may for a while supply equal quantities of light. But now consider what strange effects must result from the circumstance that there will generally be two sorts of day.

From sunrise to sunset of the orange sun there is day which, were that the only sun, would simply be such day as we have, for only whiteness would be recognized. From sunrise to sunset of the blue sun there is day, too. If both suns chance to rise and set at about the same time, their combined light gives a splendid white day; yet even this must differ from our day very remarkably, for instead of a single set of shadows such as we have, there would be three distinct kinds of shadow—namely (1), where no light falls from the orange sun, or blue shadow; (2) where no light falls from the blue sun, or orange shadow; and (3) where no light falls from either, or shadow such as we have. The combination of these several tints in landscapes, clouds, forests, features of animals (including any races akin to man) and so forth, and the ever-varying play of color, must be very strange and very beautiful.

But consider, also, the strange effects (at least to our minds, accustomed only to one sort of day) which must result when the orange day and the blue day begin and end at different times. For a quarter of a day of our time—we may imagine—the orange sun rules; then the blue sun rises, tints change, variegated shading replaces ordinary shadows, and this lasts for another quarter of a day of our time; then the orange sun sets, and the blue sun rules supreme; lastly the blue sun sets, and, for a short time—that is, till the orange sun rises—there is night, though still there must be much twilight, and twilight tints of singularly varied and varying hues. As for the glories of sunset and sunrise, who can imagine their complicated beauty?

All this may seem fanciful, for indeed we not only do not know, we can never know, what scenes are actually presented in worlds traveling around these lovely suns. Nay, we can not even be certain that there are any worlds there at all. But for me, I must confess, the study of astronomy would lose nearly all its charm were the mind not permitted to rest on the thoughts suggested by what we have been able to discover—thoughts speaking to us of the infinite variety and the wondrous beauty pervading the illimitable universe of God. —*Richard A. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.*

—Brass furniture and ornaments for the household are even more popular this year than last.—*Chicago Journal.*

ALL ABOUT LACROSSE.

An Indian Game Which Has Become Popular in All Parts of the World.

There is no doubt that this game is of Indian origin. It was first seen by Europeans when the French explored the territory along the St. Lawrence river and the great lakes, in the seventeenth century. Among the Algonquin Indians the game was not merely a recreation, but a training school for young warriors, and they played it on the grassy meadows in the summer time, and on the ice in winter. They used a ball of stuffed skin, and a bat like a hickory stick with a net of reindeer hide attached to the curved part of it. The best-known Indian name of the game was baggataway. Its present name was given to it by the French settlers of Canada, because of the similarity of the stick used in the game, in shape, to a Bishop's crosier. Lacrosse was adopted as a game by the white residents of Canada some forty years ago, but it did gain much popularity till about 1860, when the Montreal Club was organized. The game was first played in England in 1867, when a gentleman of Montreal took eighteen Indian players, of the Caughnawaga tribe, thither, who played it before large assemblies. The result was the organization of a number of Lacrosse clubs in England and Scotland, and the game is now very popular there. It was first introduced into the United States about three years later and the first club in this country was the Mohawk Lacrosse Club of Troy, N. Y. In 1879 the National Lacrosse Association was organized here. It would be impossible, in our brief space, to give any synopsis of the rules of the game; these must be learned from a book on the subject, but we will outline briefly how the game is played. There are twenty-four contestants, twelve on each side, with the captains (not necessarily players) two umpires and a referee. The twenty-four players are each provided with a crosse. The two captains are not allowed to carry a crosse, their official work on the field being simply to "coach" the players. At each end of the field of play stands a goal, consisting of two posts, six feet high and six feet apart. These goals must be at least 125 yards apart, otherwise there is no restrictive rule on the length and with of the field. The Indians used a much larger field than any used in the game as adopted by white ball-players. The ball, which is of rubber, should weigh not over four ounces nor measure more than eight inches in circumference. The theory of the game is merely that each side strives to send the ball through the goal of the other side, and the side that does this the most times within a specified period wins the match. The players on each side stand at certain fixed points. The ball must not be handled in any way; it must be picked up, carried or thrown only by means of the crosse. This implement, as now used, is a bent stick covered with netting.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

How Arterial, Venous and Internal Hemorrhage May Be Controled.

There are three kinds of hemorrhage—arterial, venous and internal. Arterial hemorrhage is that which comes from the arteries, and consists of bright red blood which comes in spurts. When this is seen, leave everything else and stop that at once. The safest and surest way of doing this is to make steady, firm and equal pressure between the wound and the heart. If you do not know where the large arteries are, or their course, then grasp the limb firmly above the wound and continue to do so until help comes. There is no danger of pressing too tight if you use your hands, but if you have long to wait it is better to use a stout bandage, or large handkerchief, wound tightly around the limb, and a pencil or small piece of wood slipped through the bandage and turned screw fashion, will enable you to hold it more evenly and securely.

If the hemorrhage comes from the veins, the blood will be of a darker color and flow slower and more sluggishly. From this kind of bleeding there is less danger, although prompt measures should be used to check it. This may usually be done by the use of cold water, ice, sometimes tepid water, or by simply applying a firm, strong bandage. The custom, common among wood-choppers, of doing up a cut in its own blood has many points in its favor, nor is it unscientific. It is important to remember that, if the wound be a large one, care should be exercised to keep out the air as much as possible. At the same time be sure to remove from the wound all foreign bodies, such as dirt, glass, shreds of clothing, etc.

Internal hemorrhage may be recognized by the extreme prostration of the patient, partial loss of consciousness, pallor of the face and lips and a feeble pulse. In such cases send at once for a physician, moisten lips with water and occasionally give a little to drink, if patient calls for it. Do not use stimulants, as they stimulate the heart and only increase the hemorrhage. Rest and quiet are important things to be remembered. If feet and legs feel cold, bottles or bags of hot water may be put around them.—*D. N. Patterson, M. D., in Congregationalist.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"I think," said Mr. Goode, "that the chestnut bell is a nuisance which should be frowned out of existence. If a man rung one in my presence I would certainly chastise him."

"Well, I'm glad you told me, for I carry one, and I might have sprung it on you thoughtlessly."

"You carry one, do you? Say—loan it to me to-night, will you? Spilkins is going to speak about Woman Suffrage at the lodge to-night, and I'd like to ring it on him."—*Whip.*

—A jealous lover at Doncaster, Md., attempted to kill his sweetheart, but the timely arrival of the girl's mother frustrated him. The next day he was arrested and fined one dollar.

EXCHANGE LINGO.

The Meaning of Puts, Calls, Spreads, Straddles and Similar Terms.

"What are 'puts,' 'calls,' 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" asked a reporter.

"Well," said John E. McCann, the confidential clerk of Russell Sage, of whom the question was asked, "I'll tell you if you will promise never to mention the poetical subject again. It requires pretty deft wording to make the thing clear, so it is not an exhilarating subject to talk on. You hear a good deal about 'puts' and 'calls,' but I venture to say that there are 50,000,000 people in the United States who do not know what they mean, nor what the meading is of the 'privileges.' Now, a privilege is a contract by which the maker of it, Russell Sage, S. V. White, Jay Gould or Harvey Kennedy, engages to purchase from the holder in the one case, or to sell to the holder in the other case, a number of shares of some specified stock at a certain price, at any time within the option of the holder. Got that?

"A 'call' is a privilege bought of the maker, at a certain price, and the owner of it is privileged to call for a certain amount of stock at a given price, within thirty, sixty or ninety days, four or six months. If a man holds a 'put' he has the right to deliver to the maker of the privilege a stock at a certain agreed price within a certain number of days. Clear? No? Well, let's try once more.

"Suppose Western Union is selling at 70. A man wants a sixty-day 'put' on it at 66, because he believes the stock is going down. He gives Mr. Sage, Mr. White, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Gould 1 per cent. on the amount of stock he wants to deal in. A hundred shares is usual, and 1 per cent. is $100. He receives in return a slip of paper signed by either one or the other of these gentlemen. Then if Western Union goes below 66 within sixty days he may buy it for whatever it is selling for below that price, and 'put' it to the maker of the privilege at the price agreed on—66—and receives a check for $6,600. The holder makes the difference. Ah, you understand? If Telegraph does not go below 66 the holder is out his $100. The 'call' business operates exactly in the opposite way. A man buys the privilege of calling Western Union at 75 when it is selling at 70. If it sells above 75 you can call on the maker of the privilege for a hundred shares at 75, and the hundred shares are thus bought by the holder for $7,500, and he turns around and sells it at 80 if the stock is selling there, and pockets the difference."

"What about 'spreads' and straddles?"

"A 'straddle' is a 'put' and 'call' combined. The holder of one may 'put' stock to the maker of the privilege or 'call' for it. 'Straddles' come high, because there is money in them whichever way the market may go. If the market does not go at all, but stands still, why the maker is in the money he has been paid for the privilege, usually about 3 per cent. or $300. A 'spread' is also a 'put' and a 'call' combined, but there is this difference; a 'straddle' is made at the market. That is to say, the maker of the privilege takes the risk that the stock in question does not move to any extent from the price at which it is selling when the privilege is sold. In a 'spread' the maker has more leeway. If Western Union is selling at 70, to go back to the old illustration, the maker of the privilege sells a 'spread,' say at 67 and 80. If it goes below 67 the holder can 'put' the stock and make the difference, if it goes above 80 the holder can 'call' at that price and reap the profits. But so long as the price of the stock keeps within those points the maker of the privilege is safe. To put it in another way, the holder of a 'straddle' will make if the market for the stock he is dealing in moves at all. The holder of a 'spread' doesn't make any thing until the market moves past certain limits. There is one thing more; the maker of a privilege only receives the money for which he sells the privilege, while the holder may make thousands—or nothing.

"The mention of 'puts' and 'calls' recalls perforce the exciting times two years ago last spring, when the market went down with a rush and the holders of 'puts' issued by Mr. Sage invested his office like an army. After the above explanation it will be seen that their privilege of putting stock to Mr. Sage was exceedingly valuable. Their privileges were so many contracts whereby Mr. Sage agreed to take these stocks at a price which was considerably above the market price. During five days Mr. Sage paid out what few men in New York were probably able to pay out—about $4,000,000 in solid cash. He kept on deposit then, and he does now, $5,000,000 in available money at the Importers' and Traders' Bank. Since that excitement the probability is that Mr. Sage has drawn out of this very business on 'puts' and 'calls' more money than he then paid out. A great deal of the stock certificates which were then put to him he held and realized when the market advanced."—*N. Y. Mail.*

Salvador Natives.

When the daily down pour began we sought shelter in a native ranch. The wife, her sister and grown daughter constituted the household. The husband was, toiling in an adjacent coffee 'finca." The women served me fruit such as I had never eaten before, the "Anona blanca" or "Sweet-sop" of the British West Indies. It is apple-shaped, with the rough excrescences of the pine-apple, having a thick brittle rind and a delicate white pulp, intersected with highly polished mahogany-like oval seeds, the whole of a delicate flavor very like vanilla ice cream, such as one is wont to enjoy on New York avenue, near Fifteenth street. I was athirst, and as generously dealt with as Ben Hur by the youthful Jesus at the well in Bethlehem. The good dame opened the end of a green coco and emptied its refreshing water into a gourd, and I drank to repletion. Neither Hebe nor Ganymede e'er served the gods a more grateful beverage.—*Cor. Washington Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—We are thinking seriously of establishing a poet's corner. It will be connected by a trap-door with the basement.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Spirit," says Emerson, "primarily means wind." Now we understand why a windy harrangue is referred to as a spirited address.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man must look up and be hopeful, says an exchange. How can he, with three plumbers working in the cellar and his wife housecleaning.—*Day's Outing.*

—A poet has discovered that it is always summer somewhere. Yes, and there is always a poet around to discover something that everybody always knew.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Book Agent—Councilman, don't you want to buy an encyclopædia today? City Father—What do I want with such a thing? I'd break my neck the first time I rode it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Isaac, instructing his son: "Ven you zell a coat to a man vot vants a coat, dot's nodding; but, ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peeziness, my boy."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for More Men."—*Peck's Sun.*

—Young man, it is well enough to be neat and tasteful in your dress, but it is better to be more concerned as to the social set in which you move than about the set of your coat or pantaloons.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Upperbea. "I'd like to make his life miserable." "Tell you what," said her husband warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him."—*Burdette.*

—Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.—*New Haven News.*

—A down-town druggist has a parrot which he has taught to say "What a pretty girl!" whenever a woman, young or old, enters his store, and they do say that a poor, weak man can hardly get into the store to buy a cigar on a fine afternoon.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Farmer—Maria, there's a tramp sleeping in the wood-pile. Farmer's wife—Well, let him alone. He won't disturb anything—Yes, but he may have a nightmare and get up and split it all up. I couldn't stand the shock, Maria. Guess I'd better wake him.—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Ann," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Ann, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

A FIRM TEACHER.

How an Arkansaw School-Marm Maintains Discipline Among Her Pupils.

Firm Schoolmarm—You children must behave yourselves. I'll go wild if you don't. Jimmie Smith, stop cutting that desk. (Jimmie does not stop.) I'll put your knife in the stove if you don't. Never mind, I'm going to write a note to your father.

Jimmie—Don't care if you do.

Schoolmarm—Don't you talk to me that way. Put up that knife this very instant or I'll box your ears. (Starts toward him.) Never mind, sir (taking her seat), I'm going to tell your mother.

Jimmie—Don't care if you do.

Schoolmarm—Don't you talk to me that way. Never mind, sir, I'm going to keep you in after school. Willie Brown, you must not eat in school. Willie! Willie *Brown!* Never mind, sir. I'm going to tell your father.

Willie—Ain't got no father.

Schoolmarm—Well, I tell your mother.

Willie—Ho, she won't do nothin' but scold me.

Schoolmarm—Then I'll whip you myself. Robbie Guns, go out and get me a switch.

Bob—Bill might hit me after school.

Schoolmarm—I never saw the like in my life. If you all don't stop making such a noise my head will split open. All of you except Jimmie Smith may go now. Jimmie, don't you go out of this house. Jimmie, *Jimmie!* Well, then, go on, you good for nothing thing. No, I won't kiss you. Go on away, I won't. Well, then, (kissing him) I'll kiss you this once. Don't put your dirty little arms around my neck. Oh, look how you have mussed my hair. You little rascal (hugging him). I can't help loving you.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Fattening Swine.

Some years ago it was the custom among farmers to keep their pigs over winter and fatten them the next fall. They would sell them during the winter, when they were from eighteen to twenty months old, at which time they were expected to weigh from 450 to 500 pounds. Now it is found that a good spring pig can be made to weigh about 300 pounds the next winter, if well cared for and properly fed, and where this weight is reached it is plainly to be seen which plan is the more profitable. The younger the pig is, the less food it takes to make a pound of weight, and the food that would be required for the older hog the second year can much more profitably be given to a younger animal, as any farmer can find by trying the experiment.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

Preparing for Contingencies.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, what is that book you are so intently studying?

Aurelia—It's a geography, ma.

"You are looking for Boston, no doubt."

"No, I am looking for the map of Canada. Since I am to marry George Hopskip, the banker, I must make myself acquainted with our future home."—*Philadelphia Call.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

TO THE SEA OF SLEEP.

Come, now, my five-year old,
The sun has said good-night;
A long way you must travel
Before to-morrow's light.

Your head is growing weary,
Your eyes begin to wink;
Ah me! that funny sand-man
Has been this way, I think.

We'll put on your white "dream-dress,"
And place you in your boat,
Then out on the Drowsy River
To the Sea of Sleep you'll float—

Float along so gently
To the beautiful Land of Dreams,
And there your boat will anchor
Till to-morrow's sunlight beams.

A pleasant journey, Harry,
Across the Sea of Sleep;
He, who doth note the sparrows,
His kind watch o'er thee keeps!

—*Carrie E. Morehouse, in Good Housekeeping.*

"THE BADGE OF SILENCE."

How a Wise Grandmother Punished a Fretful, Impatient Child.

Perhaps you young people might think our grandmother harsh, children are so petted and spoilt nowadays. But she was a dear, good old lady, and well it was we fell into her hands when our sweet young mother died. John, little Davy and I—my name was Elizabeth, but the boys called me Bess—went to live in the old home when I was about ten years old, and I do not in the least doubt that the next two years were the very hardest of grandma's life. I know I must have been a terrible trial, and how she could have been as patient, I do not see. I was not only a very selfish child, but impatient and overbearing. I would not endure the least bit of teasing from the boys, and yet almost tormented the life out of them.

One morning it had been raining since breakfast, and we were all three in rather a gloomy mood. Grandma had reproved me more times than I can remember for speaking in a cross, ugly way, for teasing and aggravating the boys, and at last with a heavy sigh she said, in a solemn tone: "I see there is no help for it, Elizabeth; I have tried every other means; you must wear 'The Badge of Silence.' I used it for your Uncle John once; he never deeded it again, but it has lain ever since in my chest of drawers."

Her tone was so serious, her face so gloomy and hopeless, I could scarcely have felt more shocked or puzzled had she proposed using the guillotine. "The Badge of Silence!" What could it be. It had not killed Uncle John, though, for I had seen him only the day before, and he looked strong and well. My brothers John and Davy seemed almost as much impressed by grandma's manner as I was, and, like myself, were watching her movements with the keenest anxiety.

Very slowly she crossed the room as if on some important errand, opened the bottom drawer of the chest, and after removing several articles drew from its depths a vivid red cotton handkerchief; there were bright yellow spots all over it, and the thing was so ugly that I instinctively shrank as she came with it towards me. She laid it carefully on the table, folded it from two opposite corners, made a bias bandage and placing it under my chin, drew the two ends up over my head and tied them in a secure knot.

"Now," she said, gravely, "it must be as though you were dumb; you must not speak a word under any circumstances. Perhaps by giving your tongue an entire rest it may lose the habit of speaking in such a sinful manner. Alas! the tongue is an unruly member; you are not to use it again the whole day. I trust that will prove sufficient, and that you need not wear the badge to-morrow."

At first I could scarcely believe it true, I, Bess, the willful, petted Bess, standing in the middle of the floor, a red cotton handkerchief bound about my face as if afflicted with the toothache, and John and Davy, their solemnity all vanished, standing in the corner slyly laughing at me. This, then, this horrid old handkerchief, was the Badge of Silence. In my anger and indignation I almost wished it had been the guillotine instead, and that my head had been actually cut off. I opened my lips to ask if I might go to my room, but grandma's warning finger reminded me of her hope that the badge would not be needed to-morrow, and I closed them again. She gently led me to a seat by the window, placed a glass of water by my side, then returned to her rocking-chair and knitting.

I could see that John was almost suffocating with mirth, that his handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, and that he was shaking all over, but I pretended not to look at him and turned towards the window, quite forgetting that I could be easily seen from the village street. Directly my best friend, Fannie Lewis, came hurrying by under an umbrella, the rain had almost ceased now, and, looking up suddenly, she came hastening in. Before she had reached the room my cheeks were scarlet and my whole heart in a tumult of rebellion. I looked up, but grandma lifted her finger and I did not dare move.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Fannie, bursting into the room; "are you suffering much, Bess; when did it begin to hurt you?"

But grandma interrupted: "I am sorry, too, dear, it isn't a tooth hurting her, but a very bad temper and an unruly tongue. I am trying to cure her with the Badge of Silence. She will be glad to see you another day."

With a perplexed face Fannie retired, and horrified lest some one else might discover me I turned from the window.

Only a little later, when the rain had quite ceased, Aunt Grace came dashing up in her pretty carriage; she had come to take me out to the florist's two miles in the country to buy plants. But "no," said grandma very positively. "She is wearing the Badge of Silence; she would hardly like to go with it about her head. You remember the day your brother John wore it, do you not, Grace?"

Aunt Grace assented, and there was an odd, suspicious look about the corners of her lips, but she hastened away. The dinner-bell rang, and mine was brought on a tray by a mischievous little servant, who giggled outright when she saw me. I did not taste a thing, and sat in sullen silence during the whole afternoon. At last the twilight came, the boys were playing in the yard, and I quite alone in the darkened chamber; I heard their merry voices and the low hum of grandma's voice in conversation with a visitor on the piazza.

Oh, what a lonely, desolate place the world seemed to me that night, but I began to think. Why was it—how did my trouble come—why was I not with the boys laughing away the perfumed twilight? Alas, I began to realize it was all my own fault. The trouble was the result of my own sin, and the boys were probably happier without than with me.

When these thoughts at last made their way through my brain, a torrent of tears came with them. I bowed my head on my arms in the broad window seat and quivered under the storm of grief, contrition and mortification which swept over me.

I did not remember ever in all the eleven years of my life to have felt so before, and doubtless the long, silent day had much to do with it. I recognized for the first time that sin will surely bring its own punishment, sooner or later. If we are unkind, disagreeable and selfish, the time will come when we will miss the love that our own conduct has banished. If we are cross and uncharitable in conversation the time will come when we will sit silent in our home, needing companionship. It is no small ambition to aim at winning the love of all about us, for this will be only a stepping-stone to the love of our Heavenly Father. At last, when my tears had spent themselves, I felt a cool, soft hand on my tear-stained cheek. I did not move until grandma drew a chair to my side—then I threw my arms about her neck and humbly begged her forgiveness.

I will not tell you all her gentle words, but when I lay down that night in my own little bed there was a new feeling in my heart, a new life and ambition. I never wore the Badge of Silence again, but for a long time it was frequently brought to my mind, and I assure you I needed the reminder. My hot temper and unreasonable impatience would sometimes get the better of me, and I needed to recall the pain of that sad day and the better thoughts and resolutions of the twilight hour. Perhaps this little story may lead some children to think more of the love that surrounds them, and try to win it by gentleness and goodness, rather than turn it away by unkindness and ill temper.—*Annah R. Watson, in N. Y. Observer.*

THE NEWSBOY.

A Class of Urchins Who Deserve More Credit Than They Get.

The following picture of the newsboys of our cities is not overdrawn. In this country of infinite possibilities years bring strange vicissitudes of life and fortune.

They all look alike, they seem to be a distinct species, only merging from their special condition when the dignity of years robs them of their customers. Until then they look dirty, ragged and unprepossessing; they generally limp or hobble with a mashed heel or bandaged toe. His coat is seven sizes too large for him, and is fringed with tatters; his hat is of unmentionable shape, and may have been fished out of a garbage pile; a few streaks of dirt are grimed across his face radiating from his nose; his hair is matty and seedy looking; his hands are thick and smeared with several coats of dirt; and yet, withal, through all this rough and homely exterior he looks a pleasant, happy urchin, always ready for a joke and never at a loss for a reply. People pass him by, velvet-handed men and dainty-fingered women avoid him disdainfully, utterly disregarding his importuning cry of "paper?" Do people ever think that just such a boy with all his grime and rags and poverty may be some mother's pet, that he may sometime be President of this country, that he has a soul to feel and hope and a body to feed and clothe, that all this apparent wretchedness of condition is not his fault but his lot, and that he has to make the most of it? Does any one ever give him credit that he does not stand and whine because he was not reared in luxury and petted and caressed and cared for by doting pas and mas? Do they ever stop to admire the enterprise exhibited by one of these youngsters; the hard work and attention to business which they employ; the acuteness and watchfulness of any sign or indication of a purchaser? And all for a few cents. He stands kicks, cuffs, hardships, hunger and thirst, and is ever cheerful and thankful for only one smile or a bit of patronage. It would be well for some of our citizens to watch how the newsboys work and learn a lesson from them. It requires more enterprise, perseverance and tact to dispose of a bundle of newspapers than it does to run the routine filled out daily by an insurance president.—*Phrenological Journal.*

—Two citizens of Georgetown were arrested recently for breaking the Sabbath by doing carpenter work. The complainant said in court that the noise of the hammers disturbed his wife's religious meditations, and the judge, after looking up the law, found that for white men the punishment was a fine of not over five dollars, and for negroes not more than thirty-nine lashes. He fined the men, who were white, one dollar each.—*Washington Star.*

—Among the worst enemies of the bicyclist is the dog, and one has just caused a serious accident to a young bicycler in Germantown. The barking dog, even though he never bites, is extremely dangerous to the man who balances himself on two wheels, and who, while encouraging the dog to renewed attacks by the motions of his legs, is ludicrously unable to protect himself.—*Philadelphia Record.*